AN ILLEGALIST SPACE PROGRAM IN FOUR PARTS

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Let's gather our things and leave, we've got better things to do then watch an empty stage. Anything would be better than this. (A space program is an excuse to do anything!)

science - to learn

communism - to share

nihilism - to begin

anarchism - to be

communes on Mars. Seed bombing the home planet with endangered species. An endless opportunity for failure and the occasional success. Imagine being able to talk without worrying who's listening. Imagine free housing, free food, and chickens learning to fly in zero gravity. Imagine the sky is a great big blue window and it's breaking. News paper boxes are falling from the sky and smashing to pieces in the street. We can make it happen. (A space program is an excuse to do anything!)

3. A Tight Rope Over The Void (Science- Figure it out your damn self.)

I love my mama. However, I live with my friends. If there are future generations of humans, they will probably have drifted even farther from the old tribalism, and less-old atomized family of our time. To them, we will be dumb artifacts of history, like all the black-and-white people in Charlie Chaplin movies. What do we owe to the future, if anything? What a stupid question! The future will take everything we have, and everything we have ever cared about will become nostalgia, then shit, then dust. You've no more choice in this than anybody else, so there's no excuse to go grieving about your loss. You didn't earn any of it in the first place. All we can do is avoid blowing up the spot for the little ones who come later on. Imagine their chubby little cheeks, crying out, "Oh, papa! Oh, mama! Why are you such fucking breeders? Why must I eke by on this paved rock? Why must I sell myself, my labor and my blood, to gain my daily bread?" For crying out loud, can we get out of here now? This whole place is a sleazy theater, and the show is over, and it's time to go.

wheat, potatoes, tomatoes, and lettuce. If you want kale and avocados up there, you'll have to divert a grow light or two and figure it out yourself.

Tor is great and all, but pirate radio is still using technology from the eighties. Where are the pirate cell towers? Where is the pirate internet? I heard some people in Germany want to launch satelites to give everybody free internet. Better them than google, right? Why don't anarchists build things that anarchists use? (Bicycles, vegetables, fireworks, X-Ray Spectrometers)

People recently released from prison need shit to do, a place to live, and a community that supports them as they deal with getting out. We can provide this kind of support by creating spaces that double as labs, storage units, or production facilities for everything from Stirling engines to vermicompost. By starting from nothing, and building up to a gigantic goal, we can direct our hopelessness into something that builds serious counter power in the process. A space program is an excuse to do anything. Who cares if we succeed? At least we blew up the shed, and feel like we learned something!

Do you feel me? This endless TV show sucks. We are steadily salting the only known soil in the universe. We are trapped here with billions of desperate lunatics and megalomaniacal sociopaths. You wanna save the Earth? Leave it. You wanna build a better world? Do it. But not in the shell of the old world. Not even in it's shadow. Space is the place, buddy.

Imagine a thousand asteroids hollowed out and squatted. Imagine a queer commune orbiting Uranus. Imagine a million bickering

1. This is the Planet Of Sadness. (Nihilism- To Begin Again, Always.)

Fuck Earth. Industrial capitalism has put shoes on all our feet, and now our toes are permanently fucked up. Look it up. I was born in a domesticated place, at the beginning of the end of American hegemony. I was all tuned up to give an honest try at revolution or liberation or whatever, and then Occupy collapsed into it's obvious conclusion. Prison support makes me want to shoot myself, because I can never do enough, I forget things, and I'm just not ready to die for people I haven't met yet. Primitivism is embarrassing. I lived with some people who only wore skins that they tanned, and stole bison meat from Whole Foods. It smelled, and little kids thought they were LARPing. The cops keep shooting people. Perhaps in response, people keep shooting themselves.

I live out of my truck. I am not trying to save the world. The world is constantly trying to save me. The priests of science want to give me pills. Patriarchy wants to get me laid. Racism wants to give me a nice new house in Nairobi, and capital wants to give me a job. It is funny to me that they have all failed. The Earth is covered in humans like ants, and they all drag their ideologies and stupid tribal wars around like trophies. People of every nationality and creed waste their breath trying to push the Earth this way or that way, trying to fake like there is some where to go. They have nothing to push off of, no leverage. Would you like to watch the last forests become toilet paper? Would you like to contact and destroy the last indigenous tribes, to tell them "I'm sorry, but we figured out how to turn pig farts and air into fertilizer, and things got out of

hand. Here's some fried chicken and an eviction notice." I'm not trying to take over, save the world, and steal the bacon. I just want to build a new world somewhere else.

I bought a seven dollar microscope at GoodWill, and a 10X loop with lights on it that make me look like a mad scientist. I've made whiskey. I don't believe that rocket science is more difficult than insurrection. Let's get the fuck out of here as soon as possible. You'd be surprised to learn that hippie dippy shit like ecosystem management actually makes sense when you live in a built environment. Theoretically, at least, it makes a hell of alot more sense than what they do in the ISS. We can probably make it work.

Are you seriously gonna sit back and let fuckin Elon Musk turn Mars into a reality TV show? Earth is a tiny blue dot covered in troubles, and the endless wild universe isn't responding to state sponsored attempts to communicate. Perhaps aliens don't know what to say when we beam Kim Kardashian and I Love Lucy into their motherships. More importantly, space is SPACE. Distance between you and the cops. Distance between you and the church, the courts, the great failure that is Terran society and all of its stupid gravity. Instead of pounding the pud and waiting to die, why don't we get our shit together and make a break for it?

2. Learn To Direct Your Inner Napolean (Communism- To Share)

Space exploration seems to cost an incredible amount of money. However, anarchists have some very important advantages over government or corporate attempts to build a new Imperium. For one thing, what government does best is launder money. They pay incredible salaries to idiots just because some dipshit has a friend in the DoJ or whatever. The Apollo missions had the computational power of a student's calculater. It's really just alot of hard work. I'm teaching myself calculus, and hope to shoot an Ipod around the world sometime in the next couple years. You should join me. It'll be fun.

The other thing is that they really would love it if we left. They'll try to stop us for a little while, but then they'll get it in their head that THE ANARCHISTS ARE LEAVING, and we'll have all the funding we'll ever need. The Pinkertons have been praying for it since the 1890's. That is, if we need funding at all. Maybe we could just tell them we are leaving, and would you please just fuck off while we do our thing? Maybe we'll have to twist some elbows on that one. Eithor way, we start where we are.

Put down your beer, or crack a new one. Pick up a book about Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs, and start creating lists of materials necessary to human life on Mars, on the Moon, or in orbit. It is indeed a very long list. There is alot to do. (A space program is the perfect front!)

Call your friends. Who knows how to weld? Who's got the internet connection? Who's got the keys to the biology department? Fuck mink. Liberate the electron microscopes. Who's grows weed? NASA did a study where they measured gas exchange and plant growth given a controlled amount of light, soil, and heat. They only studied corn, soy,